My Sunshine Book

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

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MY SUNSHINE BOOK

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Poetry

Songs of Gladness and Growth.

Rainbows on War Clouds.

The Child's Paradise.

Love Memories.

In Nature's Temple Shrines.

God Made Them Good.

Prose

Froebel's Educational Laws.

Dickens as an Educator.

Mistakes in Teaching.

Training the Children.

Adult and Child.

The Real Robert Burns.

My Sunshine Book

By
JAMES L. HUGHES, LL.D.

"It was ordained from the far beginning
That you should touch earth for a little space,
And then pass by with laughter and singing
And dear rare happiness in your face."

Beatrice Redpath.

THOMAS ALLEN
PUBLISHER TORONTO

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By JAMES L. HUGHES

Printed by Hambly Brothers Limited
Toronto

PREFACE

IT is pathetic to see men and women who even yet think they please God by living in His sunshine with awful faces of solemnity and gloom.

The world needs joyous happiness of spirit as a universal tonic for the mental and spiritual natures of God's children.

Every child should be trained to see good in life, and in the powers and characters of others; as a basic principle of true growth, and of service and brotherhood.

Every child should be trained to see God in the beauty and glory around him on earth and sky, as a revelation of joy and love in the Father's heart.

To make the world better by developing vital and continual sunshine in their souls should be the aim of all men and women.

To help in this work, to lighten gloom, and wipe away tears, is the purpose of this book.

JAMES L. HUGHES.

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MY SUNSHINE BOOK*

WRITE something ev'ry day, dear girl,
About the best you see;
The wild flowers growing in the woods;
The beauty of a tree.

Tell of the bird songs that you heard,
And all that made you glad;
Of pleasant things at home and school,
And other joys you had.

Forget the hard, unpleasant things;
Remember always, dear,
The kindly things, the helpful things,
That filled your heart with cheer.

Call your own book in which you make
A record of your joys,
"My Sunshine Book," and in it tell
Of happy girls and boys.

Then as the years go swiftly past,
The world will grow more beautiful,
And you will grow more true.
And each brings sweetness new;

* To my grand-daughter.

"IT WAS ORDAINED, THAT YOU SHOULD BE GLAD"

"It was ordained from the far beginning
That you should touch earth for a little space,
And then pass by with laughter and singing,
And dear rare happiness in your face."

Beatrice Redpath.

GOD did not mean His children
To be unhappy here;
He filled the earth with glory
That we might sing and cheer.

Man was not made for mourning;
Man's mourning came through man,
Who did not treat his brothers
According to God's plan.

God made no ranks for manhood;
There is no thought divine
In making class distinctions
Between your soul and mine.

Man drove man from Paradise
Through long despotic years;
Christ taught man democracy
To wipe away man's tears,

To teach the light of kindness,
And joy for other's good;
And give mankind the vision
Of human brotherhood.

Let all the earth's rare beauty
On sky, and sea, and land,
Enter your soul to help you
God's will to understand,

That you may start new beauty
To kindle other souls,
And sing new songs to call them
To higher, brighter goals.

LET JOY LIGHT YOUR SOUL

THE great exultant days have come,
For May is here
With springing life and loveliness
Your heart to cheer.

Be still! Let glory enter your
Awaking heart
Enkindling it with Nature's joys
And matchless art.

The beauty of the apple blooms,
And smiling flowers,
Should wake the highest of your mind's
Divinest powers;

And drive all shadows from your soul,
And shine the light
Of faith and hope into your life
To make it bright.

GROW OLD SERENELY

THERE should be joy not sadness
When leaves fall down to rest;
Their ending has rare beauty;
Their last days are their best.

If men live truly, nobly,
They do not fear to die;
They close their lives serenely
And, smiling, say "good bye."

New leaves will come in Springtime
In Mother Nature's Plan;
New life, new joy, new glory
God promises to man.

HE NEEDS A COMRADE

SMILE at the solemn stranger
You meet upon the street,
And smile at him more kindly,
When next you chance to meet.

Perhaps he needs a comrade,
His friends may be but few;
Your smile may start his soul-shine,
And give it brightness new.

And when he looks a longing
To see your smile again,
Give him a comrade's handclasp,
And make two happy men.

For he and you will both grow
More happy and more true;
Our lives grow always better
For kind things that we do.

FEARLESS AND SMILING

THOSE whom danger found undaunted,
Who climbed without a fear
New paths to reach the truth crests,
Won life's best right to cheer.

Those who never wavered doubting,
When striving for the right,
But triumphantly marched onward,
Still led by reason's light,

Dissipating old illusions
By visions new, divine;
Overcoming prejudices,
Won heaven's best sunshine.

Those who battled with an evil
And broke its rampants down,
Have the right to stand in honor
Upon life's mountain crown.

THE WISE MAN

THE unwise man, when trouble comes,
Lacks self-control;
Lets trouble overmaster him,
And blight his soul;

And so when trouble comes again
His power is less
To overcome his gloom, and find
True happiness.

The wise man, when his days are dark,
With faith smiles on;
And waits, and works, and sings with hope
Till joy's bright dawn.

His trials are but tests to him
Of faith and might;
And so his courage brings new power,
New faith, new light.

THERE ARE STARS THAT SHINE FOR YOU

THERE are stars that shine for you,
Choose well your own;
But they shine for all the world,
Not you alone.

The light that you share with all,
Becomes more clear
In your deepest heart, and gives
You double cheer.

Then each night upon your sky
New stars will shine,
And each one may be to you
A light divine.

LIFE'S GREATEST HOUR

IF you remember clearly
The epoch hour
When first your light of soul-shine
Kindled your power;

When in a mystic moment
The world seemed new,
And of life's wondrous problems
You had wide view;

That was the epoch era,
When light divine
First in your deepest soul-hood
Began to shine.

Let it shine on forever
To guide your power;
Life will be ever truer
For that great hour.

FIND HIS GLEAM OF LIGHT

THERE is no soul so wicked,
But you can find
Some trace of vital goodness
In heart and mind

Find in the hardened sinner
His gleam of light,
And love him into shining
His gleam for right,

And soon his gleam shines clearer
With brighter glow,
Till good in his dwarfed nature
Begins to grow,
And like a healing river
It soon will flow.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

IF you wish to be happy,
Keep your heart light,
And avoid the gloom spirit
That joy would blight.

If you wish to be happy,
Keep your mind bright
By the use of your wisdom
To live for right.

If you wish to be happy,
Keep your hope strong,
And you'll win in life's struggle
Against the wrong.

If you wish to be happy
Keep your faith true,
And the joys of clear visions
Will come to you.

VISIONS

KEEP ye an open heart
And passive mind,
Then you'll get visions clear
To bless mankind.

If you are conscious of
A deep desire
To get from the Divine
His kindling fire,

Then, when you are alone
In field or wood
Into your soul will flash
New thoughts of good;

Thoughts vital, pure, and true,
To kindle souls,
And help mankind to rise
To higher goals.

Or, if in study room
You sit alone,
Visions divine will come
Before unknown.

THANK GOD, AND BE HAPPY

WHEN blizzards rage in Winter
And days are cold and drear;
Before your blazing hearth-fire,
Enjoy its cosy cheer;
Forget the Winter's wildest storm,
Thank God that you are safe and warm.

When rain storms come in April
And spoil fine plans you had,
Remember rain brings beauty
In Springtime, and be glad;
Thank God for rain to wake the flowers
To bloom for you in woodland bowers.

When torrid days in Summer
Seem very hard to bear,
Look at the waving wheat fields
And see God's kindness there;
Thank God. Rejoice! Do not complain,
The heat is sent to ripen grain.

When frosts begin in Autumn
And blight the garden flowers,
Look at colored forests;
Enjoy life's richest hours;
Thank God for harvests you have won
By deeds of service you have done.

GROWTH THROUGH SERVICE

ACHIEVE unselfish plans
You make to do
Some good to others, then
You win good, too.

Enkindle saddened souls
By visions new;
Their happiness will make
You happy, too.

You cannot guide a soul
To lofty height
Without new growth in you
And clearer light.

RICH HARVESTS

WHAT we sow we reap. Then
Sow not sad tears,
But sow sweet smiles, and reap
Joy through the years.

Sow courage, truth, and hope,
And through the years
You'll reap a harvest rich
Of faith, not fears.

On the wide fields of life
Sow brotherhood,
And reap a harvest ripe
Of highest good.

Sow ever for the rest,
And then for you
Will grow a harvest, best
Man ever grew.

THE HOME OF OUR CHILDHOOD

WHERESOE'ER our footsteps roam
Mem'ry still goes back to thee,
Dear old birthplace, happy home,
Where our lives were pure and free.
Nature in our childhood there
Thrilled our souls with joyous dreams,
As we rambled without care
Through the woods and by the streams.
We can never have again
Dreams so sweet as ours were then
In our dear old homeland—
Ever dear old homeland.

Field and hill and sun and moon,
And the silver stars were ours;
Ours the bob-o-link's sweet tune,
Ours the beauty of the flowers;
Ours the home life fond and true,
Ours the friends we ne'er forget,
Ours love's music ever new,
Ringing in our heart bells yet.
We can never be again
Half so rich as we were then
In our dear old homeland—
Ever dear old homeland.

Happy school days of our youth,
Days of growth and vision, when
Honor, virtue, faith and truth
We were taught by noble men,
We remember with delight
All our sacred early joys,
And we breathe a prayer tonight
For our homeland girls and boys.
Can there ever be again
Days so glorious as then?
In our dear old homeland,
Ever dear old homeland.

LIVE ON THE HIGHER GROWTH CRESTS

LIVE on the higher growth crests
Of life and be
In Paradise serenely
In harmony
With all the best in your own soul;
Alert to reach your highest goal.

Up where the air is purer
The view more grand;
There with your kindred spirits
In glory stand,
And help all others towards the height
To wider view in clearer light.

Where they may see new beauty
On land and sky;
Where life will be more ample
And thought more high;
Where new conceptions of life's best,
Each one may share with all the rest.

BE FOUNTS OF GLADNESS

MAKE your heart a fount of gladness
For shadowed souls,
And direct their vision upward
To higher goals.

Gladness is a path to goodness;
True hearts are light;
Gloom is not a guide to duty
Towards God and right.

Smile away life's darkest shadows
From your own heart;
Then from other hearts; 'twill help them
To do their part.

HOLY DAYS

EACH day is holy, when we lift
The shadows, and reveal the light
To those who struggle in the dark,
That they may see to climb life's height.

Each day is holy, when we do
Our duty as it should be done,
And help to kindle other hearts
By victories that we have won.

Each day is holy, when we fill
With joy some sad disheartened soul,
And start in it a purpose strong
To try to reach its highest goal.

SMILE ON

ALTHOUGH the years may bring us tears,
The clouds go swiftly by,
Let sorrow go, and gladness glow
In rainbows on your sky.

Still sweetly sing, as in the Spring
The birds sang long ago:—
With lives in tune, 'tis always June;
Smile on, and truly grow.

Smile on and sing, with cheerful heart
Your weariness beguile;
The world will be a sweeter place
If you will always smile.

TRUST AND BE GLAD

GARNER no sorrows up,
Keep joys in store;
Grief, when in gladness lost,
Troubles no more.

Grief is but lack of faith;
Doubting makes sad;
Hope fills the soul with joy;
Trust and be glad.

Grief robs you of your power
To see the light;
Joy keeps your pathway clear
Up to the height.

JOY'S TRIUMPH

THE old, sweet songs my mother sang so well,
The wonder tales my father used to tell,
The blaze of dawn resplendent on the tide,
The gleam of sunshine at the dark cloud's side,
The dancing moonlight on the rippled bay,
The tinted sky-glow at the close of day,
The Balm of Gilead's fragrance in the Spring,
The music that I heard the Greybirds sing,
The smell of clover on a day in June,
The soaring Bobolink's unrivallel tune,
The melodies of fairies in the trees,
The summer wheatfields waving in the breeze,
The orchards loaded down with apples prime,
The colors of the woods in Autumn time,
The mystic message of the fallen snow,
The Winter sleigh ride, and the hearth fire's glow,
All these, my boyhood's joys, enkindle me
With higher joys in life's maturity;
And all the true things of my early youth
Bloom into higher forms of greater truth;
While error's clouds that once obscured the light
Now but reveal the splendor of the right;
Forebodings dark that worried me awhile,
Fleet through my memory, and I but smile;
And even wrongs intended life to mar
Hurt me no more, nor have they left a scar.

JOY AND GRIEF

YOUTH'S joy, self-stored in hopeful human hearts,
Forms a bright sun to cheer declining years;
Youth's grief a moment is a fleecy cloud,
That o'er the sky floats past and disappears.

Our joys are dynamos of mighty power,
Lighting the future with a rosy glow;
Our griefs are shadows on a summer day,
That sweep across the grain and onward go.

The good is God's best power in human souls,
The good can never die, it lives to bless;
Evil is misused good. Live your best good;
And it will then grow more, and evil less.

LOOK AROUND WHEN SORROW COMES

IF ever sorrow comes to you
Just look around and near you
You'll find some happiness, I know
That has been sent to cheer you.

Then open wide your heart and take
The sunshine cure for sadness;
And soon your shadows all will pass,
And you will sing with gladness.

And through the years, if you will hope,
And smile, and keep on singing,
You'll find a stream of happiness
Out of your heart up-springing.

STORE LIFE'S TREASURES

SEARCH for fresh beauty
In morning hours,
When life returning
Reveals its powers

Garner the growth shine
Of noon, and see
New life unfolding
On flower and tree.

Gather the glory
Of sunset sky,
When life retiring
Whispers "Good-bye."

Through the years ever
Store but the best,
Then life triumphant
Will find true rest.

THINK OF LIFE'S GLORIES

IF sorrow or care make your heart feel sad,
Think, then, of the good and forget the bad.
Think, then, of the glory of life to you;—
Your beautiful diamonds in the dew,
Your riches of flower, and trees and sky,
Your pure, balmy air from your hills so high,
The songs of your birds and your singing streams,
Your visions of hope in your day-time dreams.

Count up all your blessings and let your joy
Ring out as your cheers, when a care-free boy.
Unchecked be your glee, and your clouds will
pass,
As shadows sweep over the waving grass;
The clouds of the morning will break away,
And sunshine will bring you a perfect day.
Then into the depths of your soul again
Will come the calm faith of achieving men.

JOY IN ACHIEVING

WHEN a happy hearted boy,
Did you idly wait till joy
Came to thrill you with delight?
No, when skies were dark or bright
You were happy all the day
At your work or at your play,
Planning, doing ev'ry hour
Winning joy and gaining power.

Why in manhood should you fail?
Make your life a joyous tale.
If you search with hopeful mind
Close beside you, you will find
Wheresoever you may be
Blessed opportunity;
Work you never yet have done.
Do it, and your joy is won.

Happiness is ever near
Waiting shadowed hearts to cheer;
Gloom can ne'er become despair
If we bravely do our share;
Effort always leads to light
In unselfish work for right;
Brood not on impending wrath,
Light new lamps along your path.

SUCCESS

HE fails alone who idly dreams,
When life reveals attractive gleams
Of duty that he ought to do,
And so to vision is untrue.
The man who clearly sees the right
Yet fails to do it with his might,
Must lose the power of vision new
Disclosing higher, wider view.
True vision leaves the feeble souls
Who will not struggle towards life's goals.

The goal is yonder on the height,
And vision shines with brighter light
When up we strive, and when we rise
Above the mists, we realize
That life is richer than we thought,
And full of beauty yet untaught.
Life's glory kindles, when we see
New, yet untrodden paths, that we
May enter, guiding men to climb
More freely towards the heights sublime.

Men cannot fail who bravely fight,
With faces ever towards the light,
They may not reach the highest crest
Before the time of final rest;
But, as they see far down below
Their starting place, their hearts will glow
With joy; because of triumphs won,
Of loving service kindly done,
Of lamps they lit to show the way
To those who might have gone astray.

Each thoughtful act new vision brings
To see the heart of deeper things,
So when your vision you achieve
Don't sit in sadness down to grieve
Because you see a vision new
Revealing greater work to do.
But shout for joy. You've earned the right
To work in vision's clearer light.
You've won life's paramount success,
When new, clear vision comes to bless.

I'M JUST A SUNNY OPTIMIST

I'M just a sunny optimist,
Who never borrows sorrow;
I store the sunshine of to-day
To light the dark to-morrow.

When shadows come and men are sad,
I know I should be jolly
To cheer them up, and drive away
The mists of melancholy.

Defeat should rouse me to decide
To keep on bravely trying;
True vision of achieving faith
Develops hope undying.

So never join the men of gloom
Whose hearts are full of fearing;
Hold up your head and climb the heights
With joyous song and cheering.

BE GLAD

ARE you not sad for sorrows past?
No! I am glad they did not last.

Do you not hate the false you knew?
No! I love more the good and true.

Do you not mourn for work undone?
No! I rejoice for triumphs won.

Have not life's struggles wearied you?
No! they revealed new work to do.

Do you not fear the long dark night?
No! I await the coming light.

Surely some dread the future mars:—
No! Hope and Faith can see the stars.

SING AND YOUR BEST WILL GROW

IN Winter time
With songs of cheer,
I welcome in
The glad New Year.
When Winter goes,
I sweetly sing
Of hope and love
In smiling Spring.

When Summer comes
In growing June,
Rare songs I sing
To nature's tune.

When trees grow red
In Autumn days,
I sing grand songs
Of grateful praise.

And, when the year
Begins again,
I sing new songs
Of glory then.

So through the years
My best things grow,
And in my heart
Life's bright lights glow.

LAUGH (A Song)

THE earth is beautiful and glad;
Help it to bloom,
When businesss is very bad,
Help it to boom.
The worst disease men ever had
Is gloom, gloom, gloom.

CHORUS:

Then laugh, laugh, laugh,
Laugh loudest when times are bad;
Remember good times you've had;
Look up, look ahead, be glad;
And laugh, laugh, laugh.

Your laugh does not remain with you,
It ripples on;
Its music stirs your neighbors, too,
And brings the dawn
Of hope, and joy, and brighter view,
When you are gone.

CHORUS:

So let your merry laugh resound
By day and night,
To make pure happiness abound
And sad hearts light;
Scatter your laughter seed around
To make lives bright.
CHORUS:

SPIRIT HARMONIES

THE man is happy who, with soul serene
Amid the rush and din of life, still hears
The rhythmic melodies of youth, and dreams
Youth's glowing visions on throughout the years.

Our youthful dreams may be our wings by which
We rise in spirit to God's altar heights,
And see related life, when wider views
Enkindle in our souls revealing lights.

There is no discord in God's orchestra,
When hearts are tuned with His in harmony;
And we may ever see in His clear light
New beauty on the sky, the earth, the sea.

SMILES SHINE ON FOREVER

SMILES shine on forever
With matchless art,
Kindling men and women
From heart to heart.

Smiles we saw in childhood
We'll ne'er forget;
In our souls their joy-light
Is shining yet.

Smiles we give to others
Reflected shine,
In their lives producing
Light divine.

LIFT UP YOURSELF

ON Christmas day lift up your head
And calmly say,
I will be true to all you mean,
Great Christmas day.

And on throughout the passing year
Look up and pray
For message new to light your soul
On each new day.

Then to the message lift your life;
To it be true,
And you will get each day from God
A message new.

And thus in harmony with Him
You'll truly grow,
And happiness will each new day
In your soul glow.

FOUNTAINS OF JOY

WHEN shadows flit across my sky
And life seems dark and drear,
I turn to youth's enchanted days,
And fill my heart with cheer.

I listen to the merry bells
In Winter time again;
I gather flowers in the Spring
In field, and grove, and glen.

I smell the purple clover fields
In Summer's golden days;
I go to apple-paring bees
Through Indian Summer haze;

And soon my sky grows clear again;
The darkness turns to light,
Then in my heart hope's joy-bell rings,
And all again is right.

CHEER UP

"LIFE is a vale of tears."
Make it less teary.
Life has dark doubts and fears."
Make it more cheery.

"Man marches to the tomb."
Step then more lightly;
March not through gloom to doom,
Smile ever brightly.

Why blame the hand of fate
For your disaster?
Open hope's waiting gate,
And be life's master.

Why with despondent face
Go on repining?
Faith will all shadows chase;
Clouds have a silver lining.

LEAVE A PATH OF LIGHT

LEAVE a path of light behind you
As you climb,
That will ever more reveal life's
Heights sublime.

Hang a lamp your own life lighted
That will shine
On the path of those who follow,
Light divine.

Then your brothers climbing after
Towards the height,
Will go higher in the glowing
Of your light.

YOUR STAR SHINES EVER

WHEN doubting days bring gloom clouds,
And spirits droop with fear;
Then let your heart be buoyant,
And sing sweet songs of cheer;
Till hope again shines gladness
And sunny skies appear;
Till faith reveals new glory
With light supremely clear.

Each soul has power within it
To make its pathway bright,
Till all the clouds around it
Glow in its rainbow light;
Be sure your star shines ever
Throughout each weary night,
That you may see its signal
To guide your steps aright.

LIFE'S GLORY

JOY in service; growth in duty;
Hope for better days to be;
Earth and sky enriched by beauty—
Make life glorious for me.

Heart with blissful rapture glowing
At the vision I can see;
Mind aroused to higher knowing—
Make life glorious for me.

Soul with happiness o'erflowing,
Conscious of true liberty;
Faith serenely, strongly growing
Make life glorious for me.

THINK NOT OF HER AS DEAD

THINK not of her as dead; believe
That she is living yet,
The memories you have of her
You never can forget.

She is not dead. Her love supreme
Is yours, and will remain,
To bless your life. The sun shines on;
Life's joy outmasters pain.

Sadness in time will disappear
Our joys live on for aye,
And gain increasing power to light
Our upward, onward way.

As up we climb, new stars appear
To glorify our sky,
And in the brighter light we know
That love can never die.

I THANK THEE

I THANK Thee for the power to keep alive
Fresh memories of beauty and of joy,
And weave into the fabric of my life
The dreams that thrilled me when a happy boy.

I thank Thee for the magic touch of those
Who kindled self-hood to a brighter glow,
Who opened windows that great truths might shine
Into my soul, and start my best to grow.

I thank Thee for the epoch days of life:—
When love's sweet ecstasy brought Heaven near,
When vital faith in self and right grew strong,
When vision widened and made duty clear.

I thank Thee for achieving tendency,
To think, to plan, but best of all, to do
The things I plan, that each new plan achieved
May be an upward step to clearer view.

I thank Thee for the buoyant wings of hope,
And for the power of conscious growth towards Thee,
For all the progress that mankind has made,
And for the greater progress yet to be.

THE CYNIC

BE kind to him whose cynic sneer
Laughs higher things to scorn;
Enlarge his vision, kindle him,
His soul is yet still-born.

Sneer not at him for that would blight
Two souls instead of one;
Guide him to plan unselfish work,
And cheer, when it is done.

Then he will share your happiness,
And with you gladly cheer;
And faith will lead him to the light,
Till he will cease to sneer.

DRIVEN OUT OF PARADISE

GOD sends His children to the world
To see and do;
In His grand Paradise to live
And grow more true.

Two children lived in Paradise;
One little lad
Was very good, the other one
Was very "bad."

One mother was a comrade kind
With her dear boy,
And tried to fill his heart and mind
With love and joy.

One mother used coercive might
To rule her child
By donting, stopping, punishment.
He grew up "wild."

One child remained in Paradise
Happy and free;
The other child was driven out,
By tyranny.

BLOOMING HOLLYHOCKS

PRIDE of my mother's garden
In Summer time,
Yours is a type of beauty
To me sublime.

Beauty, that yet unrivalled
In memory,
Still types my mother's fair face
Which yet I see.

Fairest of all the garden
You seemed to be,
As she stood there beside you
Smiling at me.

A CHILD'S SMILE

TO the glory of the sky
My eyes were blind;
In my heart I sought in vain
Hope's star to find.

From my spirit shadows dark
Shut out the light,
Till I met a winsome child,
Happy and bright.

Merrily, she spoke, and smiled
Sweetly at me;
Then I smiled, and soon my heart
From clouds was free.

HAPPINESS MAKERS

THOSE who make true happiness
For others grow
Harvests of felicity
And rare soul-glow.

Those who heal in human hearts
Life's hatred scars,
Shall hear divinest music
Of heaven's stars.

Those who kindle vital things
In human souls,
Help their fellowmen to reach
Sublimest goals.

ONLY

ONLY a single glance
Showed you my need,
Only a kindly thought
Prompted your deed.

Only my smile of thanks
For kindness done,
Then your sweet smile became
My heart's warm sun.

Only a glimpse of souls
By good will blest,
Kindled by service—so
Seen at their best.

Only a human touch
That day we met,
But in my life your smile
Is shining yet.

INVEST YOUR SMILES

THE only way that happiness
Can in your heart remain,
Is sharing it with others. Yes!
The law is very plain,

That when you share your happiness,
It will increase in you,
And what at first was only one
Has blossomed into two.

The joy you keep for self alone,
Will shrivel and decay;
And the great joy of happiness
From you will pass away.

And so invest your cheerfulness,
And earn great dividends
Of happiness, and hope, and cheer,
To bless yourself and friends.

EPOCH MILESTONES

IT'S a long way back to childhood,
But I often go alone
In my dreams to feel the glory
Of great days that I have known;

For my life is rich in epochs,
When I felt new kindling power;
When I knew the thrill exultant
Of a vision-giving hour;

When some vital soul triumphant
Opened windows in my breast,
And new light shone in to guide me
Upward to the glowing crest.

In the past I see no shadows,
But life's beacon lights instead;
So I count my epoch milestones,
Not the tombstones of the dead.

SHARE WITH OTHERS

SHARE all the good God gives to you,
And he will give you more,
To fill your heart with melody
Until your life is o'er.

Open the door of your own heart,
And take the others in,
And when you know them heart to heart
Then true life will begin.

The kindliness of human hearts;
Their sympathy sincere;
Will drive despondency away,
And fill your heart with cheer.

The hermit living all alone,
Shuts out the vital light
That fellowship with men should bring
To guide his soul aright.

Men are living all around you
You might make much more true;
There are others living near you,
Who might wake good in you.

SKIES

AWAY in the east in the early dawn
I see the gray mists, as the sun shines through,
But soon from the valley the mists have gone,
And all the wide sky is an arch of blue;
Till over the blue in the golden noon
I watch the cloud fairies go floating by,
And dream, as I lie on the hill in June;—
The sky of the past is a radiant sky.

The sky of the present is often gray,
And sometimes is darkened by rolling cloud,
When shadows of sorrow obscure my way,
And terror is roused by the thunder loud;
But darkness soon passes, and skies grow clear,
And life with new glory is kindled then;
And rainbows of hope on the mountains cheer
My heart as I start for the crest again.

My sky of the future is ever bright
With faith in the growth of the coming years,
When vision achieved for the true and right
Shall moisten my eyes with exultant tears:—
And ever the brightest my life can know
I feel in my heart, as the sun goes down,
And through the tall hemlocks the afterglow
Shines yellow, and purple, and red, and brown.

CHARACTER

FIND your best and use it well,
Then you will see
A greater best tomorrow
And better be.

Your power will be character
If you use it;
The records of your climbing
Are lamps you lit,

As you were climbing upward
Day after day,
That those who follow after
May see their way.

MOST LIKE GOD

THEY are the most like God
Who see His light
And follow it, and try
To do the right.

Men are most happy who
Can see the best
Things, that most needful are
For all the rest;

Who, when they see the need,
With purpose true
Plan and achieve the best
That they can do.

The highest happiness
That man can know
Comes, when upon life's heights
He sees below.

The things he has achieved
To help men see,
And do the right, that they
May happy be.

YOUTH AND MATURITY

YES! there were merry days in May,
And joyous days in June,
When life was fresh, and free, and gay,
And hearts beat strong in tune
With hope's arousing melodies,
And faith's inspiring harmonies.

Mature October's mellow days
Bring higher joys to me,
When Nature's glories are ablaze
On flower, and field, and tree;
The cornfields sing in triumph then
The songs that cheer achieving men.

Life's harvest days should ever be
Our most enchanting days;
The Autumn songs of destiny
Should aye be songs of praise,
The records of our victories
Are life's supreme joy symphonies.

BE RESOLUTE TO DO

THE thoughtless, passive soul
Can never know
The highest joys of life
Or truly grow.

Achieving efforts give
The soul strong wings,
And thus the world moves on
To better things.

Be resolute to do
The best you can
For justice, truth, and right,
So be a man.

Struggle for purpose high,
And you'll deserve
The happiness of those
Who truly serve.

CHEERING EVER

FAITH knows the light will come again
After the dark;
Hope sees the glow of dawn, and then
Sings with the lark.

The hero meets the dark unknown
With ringing cheer,
And dares life's upward march alone,
Heart free from fear.

When life's last work is nobly done,
He calmly stands
To view the fields of triumph won;
And in his hands

He waves hope's banner towards the sky,
And cheering still,
Smiles bravely, as he says "Good-bye,"
There on the hill.

Undaunted by life's mystic change,
Serene he waits
For life of greater power and range
Beyond the gates;

With hope of higher, grander view
After the night,
And vision of new work to do
In morning light.

ENJOY TODAY

DON'T let the clouds of yesterday
Make your heart dark,
Be thankful that the sun shines now;
Sing like a lark.

The clouds of yesterday, today
Seem not so drear;
And soon their memories will pass,
If you will cheer.

Don't fear that clouds tomorrow may
O'ershadow you;
Smile on and learn the way to smile,
If come they do.

Today is now your only day,
Enjoy its best;
Shine happiness and sing, and thus
Bless and be blest.

PESSIMISM AND OPTIMISM

"EARTH is a value of bitter tears;—"
Joys should grow brighter through the years.

"All men to evil are inclined;—"
Men grow toward God, when truth they find.

"Men are depraved; to sin they plan;—"
In His own image God made man.

"Men are unworthy worms of dust;—"
God is my partner; Him I trust.

"Sorrows bring darkness ev'ry hour;—"
Darkness is weakness:—light is power.

"Clouds hide the future from my view."
Do what the present brings to you.

THEY NEED YOUR SMILE

THERE are souls that need the light
Of your bright smile
And your word of cheer to make
Their lives worth while.

If your spirit kindles theirs
To brighter glow,
You have started life's deep springs
Of love to flow.

And the joyous visions you
Gave them will be
Transmitted to other souls
To make them free.

THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

YOU may gather golden treasure
At a fearful cost;
I have gold beneath the rainbow
That cannot be lost.

You may keep your gold securely,
Safe behind your bars;
Bars cannot contain my fortune,
For I own the stars.

When I climb to reach the rainbow,
It may not be there;
But the climbing gives me vision
In the purer air.

When I see the rainbow higher,
I am happy then,
For I know that on the morrow
I may climb again.

WHEN YOU LISTEN

WHEN you listen to the stars
Alone at night,
As they sing their symphonies
Of pure delight;

When you listen to the birds
So sweetly sing
To their mates, while building homes,
Of love in Spring;

When you listen in July
To Summer breeze
As it carols melodies
In tall pine trees;

Then remember the great songs
Of love you hear;
They should charm and thrill your soul,
And bring God near.

CLIMBING

WHEN we have struggled upward,
And stand at last
On the high, sun kissed hill crest
To view the past;

Counting the epoch triumphs
Of duty done,
Grateful for faith and courage
By which we won;

Deep is the joy that thrills us
There on the crest:—
Surely of Life's rich moments
This is the best!

No! the transcendent glory
Of each new height
Comes, when our eyes look upward
Through clearer light,

Up to the higher hill crest
Where we may stand;—
Yonder the air is purer,
The view more grand.

Glad that the joy of climbing
Still may be mine,
Upward I'll climb forever
Towards the Divine.

THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN

WHEN the fading sunset
Tells that day is o'er,
No one fears that morning
Will return no more.
So Life's sunny brightness
Oft may pass, but then
Hope will light the darkness;
Day will come again.

So, if fickle fortune
Ever prove unkind,
Nobly face the future
With a cheerful mind.
Each heart has some shadows,
But, if we despond,
We are clouding over
Happy skies beyond.

Waste no time in weeping
There is work to do,
Higher duties waiting
For the strong and true.
Earnest, manly effort
Drives away despair,
Cowards never conquer,
Courage chases care.

WHEN DAYS ARE DARK

WHEN days are dark, when fortune frowns,
When friends forget, and clouds appear;
He is a hero who smiles on,
And bravely sings sweet songs of cheer.

There are good men who can endure
Misfortunes thrusts without a moan;
But he who in the evil days
Smiles on and sings has larger grown.

He triumphs for he knows that he
In partnership with the Divine
Must win, if he will let his light
From heart and mind for all men shine.

So let your light more brightly shine,
Help God to break the power of fear;
In darkest days smile hopefully
And burdens soon will disappear.

DAWN-LIGHT THROUGH THE CLOUDS

DARK were the heavy clouds that hung
Throughout the night;
The moon could send no smile of cheer,
The stars no light.

Through the deep gloom of darkest night
The ships sailed on
Till through the clouds the shining sun
Appeared at dawn.

Then glory came to chase the gloom
From sky and sea
And bring sweet promises to us
Of joy to be.

And we were happy; for the heart
Has joy most high,
When gloomy shadows pass away
From sorrow's sky;

Life's gloomy shadows always pass
When hope's clear light
Shines a new dawntime in our hearts
Till life grows bright.

KINDLING VISION

OF infinite creative power
Each man has vision of his own;
I see its growth in tree or flower,
You see it in a star or stone.

Each star and stone, each flower and tree,
Reveals a new Divinity,
And guides responsive souls to see
The glories of infinity.

And when those glories I can see,
I feel my hopeful spirit glow;
New joylight brightly shines in me,
And cheer's fair flowers begin to grow.

MOURN NOT

MOURN not, because she went away,
Be glad because she stayed so long;
You still may see her life-star shine,
And listen to her sweet life-song.

Let pleasant memories of her,
Make all life's beauty ever bright,
So your own star through life may shine
With clearer, warmer, stronger light.

Let gratitude, and love, and joy,
Fill all your heart with comfort true,
Until in dreams before your fire
She sits, and smiles, and blesses you.

KEEP SMILING

IN living over life's best days
The day comes back again,
When first we met, and in my heart
You smile, as you did then.

And still I smile a sweeter smile
Because you smiled, and so
Your smile is passed to other hearts
To give them brighter glow.

Keep smiling, for your happy smiles
In other lives shine on,
To bring them in their darkest hours
The glory of Hope's dawn.

A HUMOROUS EPISTLE

O! WILLIAM, dear, I often think
Of your warm Irish heart,
And all your many winsome charms
That blessedness impart,
And wonder how one Irish boy
Can give the world so much true joy.

Keep at it, William dear, say I
Keep at it to the end,
And let me have the privilege
Of calling you my friend,
For evil cannot do me harm,
While I've a friend with heart so warm.

Since I have known you, I declare,
The smiles upon my face
From dawn to eve in merriment
Each other quickly chase;
For thinking of you ev'ry day
I'm like a happy boy at play.

OH! WHY SHOULD I WEEP?

OH! Why should I weep when the world goes wrong?
I go to the woods to see
The flowers and ferns, for they always give
A message of hope to me.

Oh! Why should I garner my sorrows up?
I go to the shady glen,
And drop all my cares on the river's breast.
They never come back again.

Oh! Why should I grieve when misfortunes come?
I climb to the hilltop high,
And silently look, till my heart is full
Of joy, at the cloudless sky.

Oh! Why should I worry in life's dark hours?
I turn to the stars, and lo!
They whisper a lesson of comfort sweet,
And life has a radiant glow.

Oh! Why should my troubles destroy my power,
Or rob me of joy? I know
I stand in the centre of light and growth,
And so I should smile and grow.

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE

THE happy men are those who know
That spirit power
Is strong, and kindles human souls,
As rain the flower.

The soul of the Creator, though
Unseen is known
To souls who recognize its power,
And so have grown,

To understand the spirit power
In Nature's laws,
And look beyond them to behold
The Great First Cause.

AFTER THE RAIN

SPRING flowers grow fair and sweet
After the rain;
Life growth is rich and true
After its pain.

After our sorrows pass
Love heals the scars;
Over life's darkest night
Shine Hope's bright stars.

Sad days we soon forget,
When they are gone;
But joyous memories
Live ever on.

HELP HIM TO SEE

HE who has little faith in God,
Or in his fellowman,
Is spirit blind. Help him to see;
Reveal some vital plan

By which he may achieve some plan
Of his to make men good,
And thus grow conscious of the need
Of human brotherhood.

Our souls are never truly born
Until we try to do
Some good we plan ourselves, and then
God gives us higher view.

VIRTUES IN FRIENDS

IF we all searched for virtues
In men, we'd see
But virtues, and how happy
Our lot would be.

The good we found would make us
More kind and true;
We would be more unselfish
In all we do.

We'd try to make life better,
And learn the way
To climb a little nearer
The light each day.

WE LOVED YOU, TIM

YES! "Tim" was what we called you, friend,
Because we loved you, Tim;
And, though I do not mourn for you,
My eyes with mist are dim.

My heart is full of joy, because
You were so kind and true,
And lived so long, and did your part,
As honest men should do.

So I rejoice, because your deeds
Left no dark trace of wrong
And that for honor's sacred cause,
Your blows were sure and strong.

The men who knew you dared not do
Mean things, when you were near,
So through the coming years I will
Not weep for you, but cheer.

MY POWER NOT FOR ME ALONE

NO power I have is meant
To be "my own,"
It cannot grow, if used
For me alone.

My light of power grows dim,
If used for me;
But light I use for you
Will ever be

An agency for good
More strong and bright
To aid my fellowmen
To see the right.

So all I am I'll use
For all men, so
Whate'er I am of good
May truly grow.

WE REPRESENT GOD

"WE are but worms, all flesh is grass,"
The mournful preacher taught.
'Tis true—compared with God Himself
Mere human power is naught.

But God created us, and gave
Us power to grow, and do
Each day some noble work, and be
More strong, more wise, more true.

We represent Him, and should feel
The honor of our trust;
We should be worthy men, and not
"Unworthy worms of dust."

Achieve! Achieve! Use your best powers
The rest to serve and bless;
Shine blighting sadness from their souls,
And find true happiness.

MOLLY'S SMILE

SHE did not smile as others do;
She *was* a smile;
When first I met her, conscious joy
Made life worth while.

When sorrow brought discouraged souls
Despondent tears,
Her smile shone through the gloom, and changed
Their sighs to cheers.

If evil came with purpose dark
Her life to harm,
And saw her smile it turned to good,
Won by her charm.

O! winsome, sweet, exultant smile
Shine ever on.
The brightest flowers of life will grow
Where you have shone.

THE STAR OF HOPE

BLACK clouds shut out the setting sun,
The darkness settled into night;—
Faint hearts were fearful in the gloom,
That they no more should see the light.

But high above the mountain top
A lone, bright star shone clearly out;
Faith saw in it the hidden sun,
And hearts grew free from dwarfing doubt.

There is no night of life so dark
But, o'er the mountain, clear and bright
The star of Hope will ever shine
To guide us onward by its light.

SHINE GLADNESS ON YOUR PATH

SHINE gladness on your path
Where'er you go;
It will take root to cheer
Hearts full of woe.

Plant the sweet flowers of joy
Where you find tears;
Perfume will rise from them
Through all the years.

Pressed flowers of happiness
Stored in the breast,
When sorrow comes, or fear,
Bring hope and rest.

THE YOUNG OLD MAN

LONG years have passed since he was born
And yet his heart is young, not old;
For he is rich in love and hope,
Though small his share of land and gold.

He owns a simple country home,
Where he can watch the waking trees
In Spring, and hear their branches sing
The soothing music of the breeze.

The wayside flowers all bloom for him,
He owns the moon, the stars, the sun;
His heart is full of gratitude,
Because his work is never done.

Each golden day he finds new joy
That overflows his happy heart,
And wife, and friends, and faithful dog
Receive of joy a comrade's part.

As years pass by he stores each day
True happiness instead of gold;
Earth's choicest blessings fill his heart,
So years can never make him old.

HYMN OF BROTHERHOOD

DEAR Father, through the coming years,
As comrades let us ever be
True friends to all who are oppressed,
And aim to make them truly free.

O, Father! Give us buoyant hope
To cheer the man whose faith is gone,
And smile in sympathy, till he
Smiles hopefully, and struggles on.

Help us to kindly take the hand
Of him who falls in life's hard fight,
And help him up, and tread with him
His upward pathway to the height.

Help us to always see the best
In others, till we learn the good
In each, and thus most truly learn
The kindling joy of Brotherhood.

HAPPINESS

IF some friends I trusted have proven false
I can think of those who have still been true;
I have planted seeds that have never grown,
But I think with joy of the flowers that grew.

If my heart grows faint, at the fount of faith
I can drink fresh draughts and my strength renew;
If my life grows narrow, my thought may soar
On the wings of hope to a broader view.

For there are no fetters to bind my soul
When the wider vision has set me free;
And there is no evil without some good
Of a larger kind that is close to me.

JOY IN TRUSTFUL FRIENDSHIP

IF ever your friend seems cold,
And you fear he is not true;
Search deep in your heart to find,
If the change is not in you.

Your heart may be dark with doubt,
The lens of your soul be dim;
If so, you can never get
A picture quite true of him.

If joy fills your deepest heart,
When your friend you chance to meet,
His heart will o'erflow to you,
And your union be complete.

The feeling you have within
On your face your friend will see;
If hearty your greeting is,
His response will hearty be.

KINDLING POWER

I CAN transform a barren place
By planting there
Fine fruits and flowers, producing growth
And beauty rare.
I can enkindle barren lives
To vital glow
By hopeful word, and kindly deed,
And they will grow.

I can bring water to the flower
That droops, and then
It will revive, and with fresh strength
Will bloom again.
So to dark lives may heart may bring
Love's cheering light,
And hope's bright star will ever shine,
When it is night.

LIFE IS ALIVE

LIFE is alive while we live it right,
While life gives life to a kindred soul,
While it shines clear, as a beacon light,
Guiding a comrade to his high goal.

Living is dying, when life is spent
Selfishly living for self alone,
Blindly unconscious of brotherhood,
Planning not *man's* good but *just my own.*

Life is a blessing, if used for *"us,"*
Life is a failure, if used for "me";
Life is sublime, when men hand in hand,
Climb to the heights, till they clearly see.

DON'T WORRY! ALL IS RIGHT

THE sun is sinking in the West
Beyond the hill;
The shadows lie along the snow,
The air is still.

The leafless trees stretch out their arms;
The pines between
Stand up like fairy Christmas trees
Dressed in dark green.

The sun, the sky, the air, the tree,
The snow so white,
Whisper "the world is beautiful
And all is right."

So worry not! Look up and see
The stars to-night,
And then to-morrow wake to live
In God's clear light.

ON THE HILL IN MAY

TRY not as a bird to sing,
Or failure will bring you pain;
But let his glad song of spring
Deep down in your heart remain.

Turn not from the afterglow
Because it will soon be past;
Its beauty should richer grow
While memory's powers last.

The song and the sky of gold
Should echo and shine in you,
And ne'er can your soul grow old
If they in your heart are new.

And sweetness, and hope, and joy
Will flow as a fountain free,
And thrill you, as when a boy,
As long as you hear and see

The bird and the sunset sky,
When you at the close of day
Stood there on the hilltop high,
Soul-filled with the bliss of May.

BELIEVE IN THE GOOD

IF you wish to be happy,
Believe in the good
In your neighbor, and help him
To do what he should.

If you wish to be happy
Believe in your best
And use it for others. Then
Your life will have zest.

For your best is the image
Of God that's in you,
And the way to be happy,
Is trying to do
What you can with that image
To make the world true.

FAITH

THE noblest hero is the man whose faith
Grows stronger, as the night grows dark and drear,
Who bravely struggles on to overcome,
Though foes oppose, and there is none to cheer.

True to his vision and with dauntless heart,
Enthusiastic, though he climbs alone,
Faith leads him upward that he may reveal
Some truth he sees to others yet unknown.

The highest happiness the heart can know
Comes when his victory at last is won;
And, in his triumph, on the mountain crest
He stands serenely, when his work is done.

DO NOT BLIGHT YOUR SOUL

ONE neighbor tells you that the world
Is sad and drear,
Another neighbor says it is
A world of cheer.

They speak about the same good world;
One sees no light,
The other sees a world of joy
Forever bright.

The reason is they do not aim
At the same goal;
Each sees the picture on the film
Of his own soul.

The Father gave each one the power
To see the light,
But selfishness upon one soul
Has put a blight.

We see outside the things we made
In our own souls;
So we see truly when we aim
At higher goals.

DON'T WAIT TILL HE DIES

LOOK ever for the strong and true,
The tender and the kind,
And in the worst you ever knew
Some goodness you will find.

Don't wait until your neighbor dies
Or leaves you, till you show
Your gladness in your shining eyes;
'Twill do him good to know

That you have found a power or charm
In him before unknown.
Tell him! To see his heart grow warm
Will surely warm your own.

Upon his life deep scars may be,
Your faith may heal the scars.
Smile him your joy, and he will see
Upon his sky new stars.

However strong your friend may be,
You make him stronger still,
If you reveal his power as he
Is climbing up life's hill.

MAKE ALL HEARTS GLAD

THE flowers bring messages of love
To make us true;
The birds sing songs of happiness
Forever knew.

The wind brings melodies of hope
For days to be,
And whisper them to waving pines
For you and me.

The sun, the moon, the twinkling stars,
Shine out their light
That we may learn to do our part
To make life bright.

Whate'er we see, whate'er we hear
On earth or sky,
Says, "Help to make all hearts more glad,"
So let us try.

"LET NOT BITTERNESS SETTLE DOWN UPON ME."

—Muriel Strode.

FATHER! whatever may befall,
Keep my hope bright;
Though dark clouds may surround my path,
Let me see light.

Though men may prove unjust or false,
Help me to be
Serene, that no revengeful thought
Enfeeble me.

Wrong cannot rob my life of joy,
Or faith, or power,
Unless by bitterness within
I blight love's flower.

THINK

NOT of "besetting sin"
But of your highest powers,
Then in your heart will bloom
Life's fairest, sweetest flowers.

Use your God-image well
Life's victories to win,
Then will your heart grow free
From your "besetting sin."

Then clouds will pass away,
And joyous light divine
With hope and cheering power
Into your heart will shine.

HIS BIRTHDAY

THIS is our dear son's birthday,
It has come round again;
He died when twenty-seven,
'Tis long, long years since then.

But death is merely passing
To other life, and so
I hope that over yonder
He can more quickly grow.

I think of him as living,
Each year more strong and true;
I listen to him planning
New work he has to do.

So let us keep his birthday,
And feel him very near;
I know that he would gladly
Be here to share our cheer.

His life brought no dark shadows,
And so let us rejoice;
And think we see him smiling,
And hear his hopeful voice.

We'll think of him maturing,
Progressing on his way;
And talk of what he's doing
In his new life today.

HAPPINESS SHINERS

JOIN with me, happy shiners,
Who sing, and smile, and cheer;
You hopeful anti-whiners
Who see life's glory clear.

Some people see but sadness;
Let's form a happy band
To teach them to see gladness,
And true faith understand.

Let us find how to wake them
To loving heart-warm glow,
And ever help to make them
Shine through their deepest woe.

So when the days are lightest,
And, when they're dark and drear,
Let your own light be brightest
To help sad souls to cheer.

HAVE FAITH

EVER the lack of true courage
Darkens men's hearts with fear;
Doubt cannot live in bright sun-shine;
Trust! And your sky grows clear.

Out of the shadows around you
Rise and win power to grow,
Till on hope's height you stand happy,
Strong in Faith's warm sun-glow.

God's heart is tenderly loving;
He is a friend to you;
Men are aye willing to help you,
Their heart's are loving too.

GROW JOY-SEEDS

THE seeds of sadness in your life
Will rankly grow,
If you develop them with thoughts
Of doubt and woe.

The seeds of hope, and faith, and joy,
Will grandly bloom,
If you enrich them with high thoughts
Of anti-gloom.

So be a gardener of joy
And not of tears;
Reap harvests of true happiness
Through all your years.

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY

I SHALL keep true touch with the universe,
And the vital light of the fire divine
Will direct my life with a vision clear,
And achieving power will be surely mine.

I shall climb the heights where true progress leads;
I shall learn the secret of Nature's laws;
I shall teach new truths that will upward guide,
I shall work for justice and freedom's cause.

I shall sing no song of despair or grief;
For my failures past I shall weep no tears;
I shall garner courage, and faith, and love,
To give hope and strength in the coming years.

I shall search the lives of my fellowmen
For the good, the noble, the true alone;
For the things I see in their lives I know
Will re-act on me and transform my own.

I shall turn my face to the sun all day
Till he sets at eve in the golden west;
And the work of life will give growth and joy,
And the afterglow will bring peaceful rest.

JOY

JOY is a coy elusive maid,
When by the selfish sought;
True is her heart to those who try
To win her, as they ought.

When followed for herself alone,
She quickly speeds away;
When found in service for the right,
She enters hearts to stay.

The man who has a vision new,
Then plans and does not rest,
Until his plan he has achieved,
And stands on higher crest,

Will win the sweetest, truest joy
That man can ever know;
A kindling joy that fills his soul,
And gives more power to grow.

HOPELESS TEARS

COULD I believe that mourning for
My friends when they are dead,
Would make them happy I would mourn,
And tears I'd gladly shed;
But I'll remember what they were
When life was at its best,
And grateful be for what they did
To make my life more blest.

Could I believe that sorrow can
For evil bring redress,
I'd mourn for years that saddened hearts
Might find true happiness.
But I believe that shadowed souls
Can never be made bright
By darkness. I will pierce their gloom
With rays of joyous light.

Could I believe that ecstasy
Is born of tears, I might
Experiment with tearfulness
To make my spirits bright.
Regretful tears are hopeless tears
That blight but never bless;
I'll serve my fellows and achieve
Man's highest happiness.

"I AM LARGER THAN I THOUGHT"

—Walt Whitman.

LIFE uplifting revelation!
Greatest lesson ever taught!
Hopeful, kindling inspiration!
"I am larger than I thought."

"Thou art mindful of me!" Surely
That should keep my life aglow
With the faith that leads securely,
As I onward, upward go.

Why should I be weak or fearful?
In Thine image I was made;
I will work in sunshine, cheerful,
As Thy partner, undismayed.

Trusting in Thy power, in meekness
I will songs triumphant sing,
Conscious of my strength—not weakness,
For I represent the King.

I shall grow forever nearer
To the Father Heart Divine;
With life vision ever clearer,
For the universe is mine.

LEARN TO SEE THE GOOD

SEARCH for the good in children,
And not the bad;
Reveal their better natures,
And make them glad.

Search for the angel in them,
And you may be
God's agent to arouse them
And set it free.

Tell them of evil in them,
And you will start
The consciousness of evil
In each young heart.

CHOOSE JOY, NOT GLOOM

EACH year brings many sunny days
Of happiness
To fill our lives with gratitude
And hopefulness.

But morbid spirits get from them
No power to bless;
They see dark shadows on the sky
And gloominess.

They, moaning, wring their useless hands
In deep distress,
For in their blighted souls they've stored
But selfishness.

Learn, then, to spend the sunny days
That come aright,
And let your sunny soul shine out
In joyous light.

Store in your soul true happiness,
When days are bright;
Avoid the base and selfish things
That all souls blight;

Do loving service for some cause
You know is right;
Something to help your brother climb
With stronger might.

Your sunny days will clearer be
Nearer the height,
And so your stored up joy will shine
With brighter light.

NEVER SAY DIE.*

HOPE is the red glow of morning
Lighting Life's sky.
Let it awaken your courage;
"Never say die!"

Hope is the strong light of noonday
Now shining high.
Let it add faith to your courage
"Never say die!"

Hope is the light through Life's storm-cloud
With God's reply
To our faint hearts—"you may trust Me;
Never say die!"

Hope is the love glow of eve time
Saying "good bye;
Keep your heart strong on Life's hillcrest;
Never say die!"

Hope is the star shine of darkness,
Each star God's eye,
Watching His children in rest time;
"Never say die!"

*The message of Dickens' raven, Grip, was "Hurrah!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Keep up your spirits; Never say die!"

THE BEST THINGS NEVER DIE

THE best things never die, Dick,
But grandly grow,
And through the passing years, Dick,
More brightly glow
To guide us to life's crest, Dick,
As up we climb,
That hope and faith may be, Dick,
Serene—sublime.

The work we planned to do, Dick,
At eventide,
When through the woodland we, Dick,
Walked side by side,
Gave higher aims through life, Dick,
Made duty clear
To those who needed help, Dick,
Their hearts to cheer.

The beauty of the sky, Dick,
And flower and tree,
The songs the happy birds, Dick,
Oft sang for me;
And all the other joys, Dick,
Of childhood days,
Live on to fill my heart, Dick,
With love and praise.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

THE old clock ticking on the stairs
Tells you the hours that pass;
They quickly pass, and when they're gone,
They come not back, alas!

Tick, tick, the minutes grow to hours,
The hours soon make the day,
The days make months, the months make years;
Time quickly flies away.

Each tick says "listen, time flies fast,
Now is the time to do
Some kind and helpful thing. Do it
And grow to be more true.

"Store in your heart the happiness
That life to you may bring
Each hour, and when the hours are gone,
Do not be sad, but sing."

Past days will not come back again,
But all your joys live on;
And so the best of all your years
Stays with you when they're gone.

BE STRONG

WHEN rocks appear to block Life's path,
The weak man stands despairing;
The strong man climbs and overcomes,
Achieving still and daring.

When old plans fail, the weak man stands
Bemoaning and complaining;
The strong man finds a better plan,
And climbs on ever gaining.

Weak men from trouble turn away,
And weaker grow by failing;
While strong men bravely struggling up
Grow stronger by prevailing.

The weak man sees on Life's dark clouds
No gleam of silver lining;
The strong man knows that God still lives,
And keeps hope's clear light shining.

WHAT WE SOW WE REAP

YES! We reap what we sow, but more
Than we have ever sown,
For the seeds of our Father's love
Are better than our own,
And our harvests are richer far
Than those from our seed grown.

Yes! I know that the law is true,
That what we sow we reap.
If we ruthlessly scatter tears
Then tears we, too, must weep,
But our Father has always love
To heal our sorrows deep.

And the harvests of joy we reap
Are greater than we sow;
For our Father sows seeds of joys
In our own lives to grow,
And the gifts from His loving hand
Are greater than we know.

BE A MAN

THOUGH work be hard and outlook dark
Smile on and work;
Face duty like a man, cheer up
And never shirk.

The daily grind may seem to you
More hard to grow,
Go blithely to it and your heart
With joy will glow.

Work brings you happiness, if you
With cheerful heart,
And honest purpose faithfully
Do well your part.

Work will be joy—not labor—when
Each finds his power,
And when the aim of each shall be
Not "mine," but "our."

KEEP HEARTS AT REST

SOME people long for many things
They cannot get,
And spend their years in foolish dreams
And vain regret.

Within their means the wise men plan
For what is best,
And then enjoy true happiness
With hearts at rest.

They learn that happiness is found
Within the soul;
Contented minds and kindly hearts
Reach Life's high goal.

SEE GOOD ALONE

HAVE strong faith in yourself,
And faith in your brother;
And then you will learn to
Have faith in each other.

True faith in each other,
Will teach us brotherhood,
And faith in our Father
The true source of all good.

And when we form habits
That can see good alone,
We will all be happy,
Because *so* we have grown.

VIRTUE AND FUN

TWIN sisters are they,
Virtue and Fun;
True-hearted, merry,
Working as one,
Helping to lift earth
Nearer the sun.

Strong-hearted, joyous,
Upright and glad,
Helping the fearful,
Cheering the sad,
Guiding the weak ones,
Loving the "bad."

Comrades forever,
Making life bright,
Work on together;
Union is might.
Keep hearts o'erflowing
With hope and light.

"I WILL FEAR NO EVIL"

WHY should I evil fear?
God is not dead;
His message still I hear—
"Fear not," He said.

Evil is sure to fail
When matched with right;
Darkness cannot prevail
Against the light.

Shunning the men who sin,
Fearing the wrong,
Ne'er did a triumph win,
Ne'er made you strong.

All evil you may shun,
And yet at last
Stand with no chaplet won
When life is past.